

Good girl, Ella

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Rating:

Explicit

Archive Warning:

Rape/Non-Con

Category:

F/M

Fandom:

Pikmin (Video Game)

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Olimar (Pikmin)/Original Character(s)

Characters:

Olimar (Pikmin), Original Female Character(s), Ella

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Rape, Rape/Non-con Elements, Kidnapping, Cunnilingus, Vaginal Fingering, Blindfolds, womb fucking, Evil, Evil Olimar, Implied/Referenced Brainwashing, Amnesia, Hopeful Ending, Sad, Smut, Not Suitable/Safe For Work, Porn With Plot, Pikmin 2, Pikmin 3, Pikmin 4, Non-Con works have the right to exist with the Pikmin fandom, there i said it, because of idiots who believe Non-Con has no place with Pikmin, Getting blocked by others because of those works is dumb and makes me sad, What if I want to leave a kudo and nice comments on your fanfic?, I can't!, Comments disabled to avoid hate and for peace of mind, i can write what i want, Original Female Character(s) - Freeform, POV First Person, POV Original Female Character, Wordcount: 500-1.000

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Good girl, Ella

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

My name is Ella. When I regain consciousness, I feel a tongue lick my pussy hungrily. I moan, wondering who is molesting me and why. I can't see a thing. A blindfold covers my eyes.

- A translation of [Bonne fille, Ella](#) by [MiaQc](#)

My name is Ella. When I regain consciousness, I feel a tongue lick my pussy hungrily. I moan, wondering who is molesting me and why. I can't see a thing. A blindfold covers my eyes.

"W-Who, ahhh~, is there? Why... ohhh~! Are you doing this?"

I have no response. Only the jerky breathing of my assailant. Suddenly, I can't feel the tongue, but I scream as a finger gently enters my tunnel. The finger caresses my walls.

"Ah~, ah~, please, ah~, stop."

He ignores me. Another finger enters me. I moan loudly. He's going to make me come, that's for sure.

"L-Listen, I..."

I can no longer speak. I moan unceasingly as the two fingers vibrate in my pussy until I cum.

"You're a good girl, Ella." Suddenly says the Hocotatian raping me and I'm speechless. This voice belongs to...

"O-O-Olimar! Captain Olimar! Why?!"

Olimar withdraws his fingers from my pussy.

"Why are you doing this?! Why me?"

"Because... I've got nothing left to lose. Ella, I chose you because you're a beautiful Hocotatian. All the women I kidnap are beautiful."

I knew the rumor. Of a maniac who abducted, raped Hocotatian women and then let them go. It was true.

"But why doesn't anyone denounce you?" I asked the fallen captain.

"Ha, that... That's because they can't. I have a machine, you see, that brainwashes in a certain way. I use it so they don't remember who raped them. In fact, I'm going to use it on you after I'm done."

I wanted to ask him more questions. I wanted to know what had happened to make him such a monster. But Olimar doesn't want to talk anymore. He licks my pussy again, despite my pleas, then drives his cock deep inside me. I scream and moan, my body hot with pleasure. Olimar continues to push his cock deeper and deeper into

my wet tunnel.

"AHHHH~ OLIMAR!"

"I want to reach your womb, my beautiful Ella. I want to make sure my seeds are well placed. I want you to bear a child by me, like all my previous victims."

"AHHHH~ NOOOOOOOO!"

Olimar reaches his goal and ejaculates into my womb. He withdraws his cock and I hear him moving away from me. I want to struggle to free myself, but my body refuses to obey me. It's lost in sexual pleasure. Olimar returns. He places something on my head. It feels like some kind of helmet.

"W...W...W..."

I wanted to say, "wait!" because this helmet must be part of the brainwashing machine, but nothing would come out of my mouth. A shock invades my body and I faint.

I open my eyes and see the Hocotate sky. I'm dressed but my pussy is wet and I want to throw up. I don't know why. I go to throw up in a small bush, then fuzzy memories come back to me. I've been kidnapped, raped and freed, but by whom? I can't remember.

I immediately go to the police to report my aggression. As I can't name my abuser, the male officer I speak to doesn't take me seriously. The policeman takes me home. I feel dirty, ashamed, and angry. Why do the police refuse to do their job?

I searched the Internet and found a forum for sexual assault survivors. Several Hocotatian women, like me, have amnesia about their abusers. I find this strange but when I suggest that we investigate to find out who did it these victims don't want to help. They just want to forget, to get on with their lives. I'd like to forget, but I can't. I want to find out who did this. I feel it's my duty.

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